



VOL. XX.

PETALUMA, CAL., JUNE 8, 1899.

No. 1.

## Commencement Exercises

— Class of '99 —

# Petaluma High School

Opera House, Thursday Ev'g June 8, 1899



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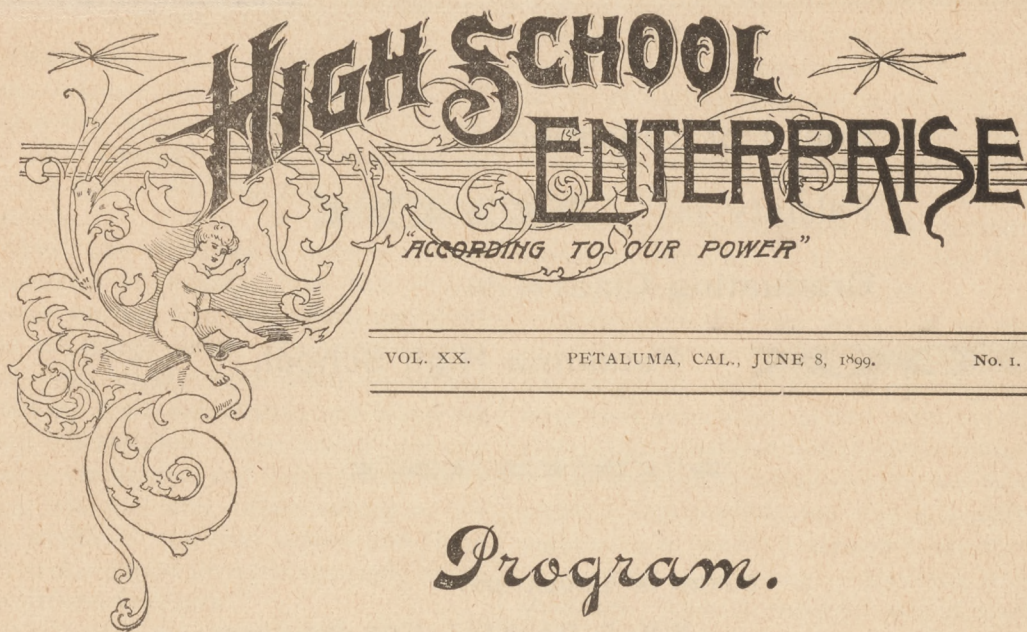
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PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO., Agents.





VOL. XX.

PETALUMA, CAL., JUNE 8, 1899.

No. 1.

## Program.

*"Not Finished But Just Begun."*

- |     |                                                                                                                                             |           |                     |
|-----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|---------------------|
| 1.  | Invocation                                                                                                                                  | - - - - - | Rev. W. H. Darden   |
| 2.  | Solo                                                                                                                                        | - - - - - | John W. Peoples     |
| 3.  | Address                                                                                                                                     | - - - - - | Ethel F. Harford    |
| 4.  | Music                                                                                                                                       | - - - - - | Orchestra           |
| 5.  | Debate : <i>Resolved</i> , That the Retention of the Philippines is Consistent with the Principles upon which this Government should stand. |           |                     |
|     | (a) First affirmative                                                                                                                       | - - - - - | Elmer M. Brown      |
|     | (b) First negative                                                                                                                          | - - - - - | Joce Houx           |
| 6.  | Music                                                                                                                                       | - - - - - | Orchestra           |
| 7.  | (a) Second affirmative                                                                                                                      | - - - - - | John W. Peoples     |
|     | (b) Second Negative                                                                                                                         | - - - - - | Frank C. Gale       |
| 8.  | Music                                                                                                                                       | - - - - - | Quartette           |
| 9.  | Presentation of Diplomas                                                                                                                    | - - - - - | Pres. W. B. Haskell |
| 10. | Music                                                                                                                                       | - - - - - | Orchestra           |



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Faculty and



Graduating Class of the



Petaluma High School.



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CLASS OF '99. - - -

ETHEL F. HARFORD.

A. JOCE HOUX.

MATTIE E. WILSON.

ELMER M. BROWN.

H. WERNER DIETZ.

FRANK C. GALE.

J. REA WILLIAMS.

JOHN W. PEOPLES.



### A BURGLAR ALARM.

"Well, girls, what *do* you think! Mr. Allen's house has been burglarized, and almost five dollars in silver stolen!" cried old Mrs. Graham, almost triumphant at having such a startling piece of news to disclose.

"Yes," she continued in reply to our exclamations of surprise, "the lock of the Allens' kitchen door was picked last night and the things stolen. The burglar must have been mighty light-footed, for no one woke up at all, and nothing was found out until this morning. They haven't got any clue to the burglar, and it don't seem likely they will find him, either, seeing as it's the middle of the fruit season and there are so many good-for-nothing people camping around here now."

"Oh!" cried my sister, "what should we do if a burglar came here? I am sure I should faint, if I saw one."

"I wouldn't," said I, in pretended boldness, for really, you know, I am a much greater coward than Ethel, "If I heard one in the house I should get up as quietly as possible, wake Mr. Graham, calmly hand him his shot gun and send *him* after the burglar."

Mrs. Graham laughed softly. "I'm afraid you'd have a hard time waking Ephraim," she said.

"Well, don't let's talk about it any more," said Ethel, "I don't believe burglars ever stay in the neighborhood which they have once robbed, do they, Mrs. Graham?"

"No, no, my dear," replied the old lady, "it isn't at all likely, so don't you worry your pretty head about it."

Ethel and I were spending our summer holidays at the ranch of our dear old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Graham. We enjoyed the quiet life on the farm very much, and delighted above all in helping our kind hostess in doing her household tasks; and Ethel, under Mr. Graham's supervision, had even learnt to milk a cow.

So one day when Mrs. Graham mentioned that she hoped some day soon to

go with her husband on a trip to the city, we both joined in persuading her to go on the following day and leave us two girls in charge of the ranch, that the hired man could milk the cows, and do the chores, and we would take care of the house. At last we convinced her that we could manage affairs for two days at the least and that she really needed a change of air.

So the next day they went, and we set to work. It wasn't such easy work as we had expected, either, and by evening we were both quite tired out and went to bed early, after Ethel had locked up the house.

I am generally a sound sleeper, but that night I was restless and had a terrible nightmare, in which it seemed to me that an elephant took me up in his trunk and shook me. Then I woke up with a start and found that it was Ethel who was shaking me. Directly she saw that I was awake she motioned to me to be quiet and then whispered in my ear that there was some one moving around in the back part of the house and she thought it must be the burglar.

I suppressed an inclination to screech, and, trembling asked if we hadn't better hide in the cupboard.

"I would," she said, "only I'm afraid that if it is a burglar he will steal Mrs. Graham's silver and other things that she values just as much; and you see, as we were left in charge, we are responsible, and we *must* stop that burglar some how or other. Oh! I have an idea," she whispered suddenly. "Just stay here a minute," and she slipped on her dressing gown, glided into the sitting room and returned in moment with an old shot gun which Mr. Graham always kept hanging up over his fire place there. How she managed to get it in the dark, I don't know. Then she lit the lamp and turned it down low. "Get up," she said, "you must carry the lamp and turn it up high when I nudge you. Follow me, you needn't be afraid of the gun, it isn't loaded." Then softly and silently we crept along, she, ahead with the shot gun



in her hand; I, behind, with the lamp, trembling with fear. Down the long passage we went, through the dining room and into the kitchen. There, in the doorway of the pantry, by the light of a bull's eye lantern which stood on the floor, we saw the burglar, a sack in his hand. Then Ethel nudged me, and I turned up the lamp. Instantly she raised the gun to her shoulder and commanded in a stern voice, "Hands up, or I fire." The amazed burglar obeyed. By the light of our lamp we could see now that he was only a boy, not more than sixteen at the least.

"Open the trap door to the cellar," cried Ethel to me. I placed my lamp on the table and did so. My fear was all gone now and it really was an amusing picture: Ethel standing there with her mouth shut in firm curves, and a stern, almost fierce look on her face; while the poor burglar stood still, utterly dumbfounded. But I had no time for more than a momentary glance as directly I had opened the cellar door, Ethel, still pointing her gun at the lad, ordered him down the cellar stairs. He went stumbling down in the dark and then we shut the cellar door, locked it, and piled all kinds of things on top of it until we were sure that by no manner of means he could get out. And then—then we both sat down on the floor and laughed, and laughed, and laughed. It was rather hysterical laughing to be sure, but it did us good.

When we had quite recovered ourselves, Ethel said we had better go to bed, since the burglar was quite safe—for he couldn't possibly get out, as the cellar is entirely underground and has no other door except the one we barricaded. First, however, we shut and locked the door which Ethel had forgotten to fasten, and we also tipped out the sack the burglar had left on the floor. We had evidently disturbed him before he had had a chance to do much, for there were only a leg of mutton, a bag of coffee and a few other eatables in it.

You may feel sure we didn't sleep any more that night, and early in the morning

we went to our next neighbor's house and told the family that we had a burglar shut up in the cellar and wanted to get rid of him. You can imagine how astonished they were when they heard how neatly Ethel had managed him. The worst of it was that everybody gave me as much credit for his capture as Ethel, and even Mr. and Mrs. Graham, when they returned, seemed to think I was nearly, if not quite, as brave as she. I can't get it into their heads that it was Ethel, and Ethel only, who both planned the capture and accomplished it.

As for the poor burglar, he was convicted and is now spending his time in very profitable employment in the county jail.

#### THE TRAMP CLUB.

[BY ONE OF THE TRAMPS.]

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the girls are marching." This was our song the first of February, when the Botany Club, popularly known as the "Tramp Club" was organized. The least that can be said of it is that it is something new; for when before had the girls of the P. H. S. formed a club with the sole purpose of tramping and of scouring the woods and fields for wild flowers?

The club was governed by three rules which are rather suggestive. First, there were to be no boys allowed (unfortunate fellows!) Second, there was to be no boss, and lastly everybody was to do exactly as she pleased. There was method in these rules, for how many flowers would the girls pick if the boys were there to do it for them? and also what girl would be bossed by another if she could help it? So with these wise suggestions we were sure to succeed most wonderfully, and already we could see our pale cheeks blooming with roses, and in our dreams, we were tormented by visions of cows, fierce dogs, snakes and every other creature that roams the fields. We did not, however, stay at home to dream, but sallied forth to see what we could find. When we first started, the wild flowers were scarce, and



were therefore all the more precious. One of the girls was heard wishing that no one else would find another like the flower she had. In this way a rivalry was started to see who could find the finest specimens. When once secured they were carefully carried home, pressed and mounted for future use. It is needless to say that this was intensely interesting to those who were fortunate enough to form a part of these merry bands. But, alas! We had our misfortunes as well as our triumphs. As a result of too ardent search some of us came to grief. One of our number thought it best to smell of a strange specimen as well as to examine it with the eye. In doing this one day she smelled of a very strong nettle, and for several hours after she was reminded of it by the severe pain in her face. We hope she took warning from this.

In addition to our separate trips to the woods and fields we had a picnic on the 22nd of February, at a beautiful place about four miles from town. Quite a delegation of this club met at about 9 o'clock, and with lunch baskets, kodaks and collecting tins, the latest addition of Coxey's army started. Several of the girls rode bicycles, but the others walked, and a merry time they had. It was a beautiful day and we had not a thing to mar our pleasure. And oh! the beauty of those woods. Green and cool on every side the ferns grew in abundance, and also the choicest flowers of the season. It was no wonder we all went into ecstasies over the place, the flowers, the scenery, and everything we saw. We rested, then gathered ferns until we were all ready enough to eat our dinner. I shall not try to describe that dinner, for it would be quite beyond my powers. But anybody who has been so fortunate as to be a participant in a girl's picnic knows well enough the fun there was. It was here the kodaks did their work, for has it not been said: "A man at his best has lately dined?"

When we could eat no more we started

again to gather our flowers and to explore further this Elysium of which, up to this time, we had been ignorant. And finally when the day was about closing, tired but happy, we turned toward home, carrying our trophies carefully protected from sun and wind.

And this was the first picnic of the season. It was the first, last, merriest, and best of this year, but next year we can surely repeat our delightful experiment.

#### **SOME EXPERIMENTS IN PHYSICS.**

During the past month the Senior class have performed a series of experiments which were designed to show the comparative cost of light as obtained by the burning of gas or coal oil. The experiments were performed in a darkened room to which gas was piped from the physical laboratory. A meter showed the rate at which each burner consumed gas, and photometers of two patterns were used in the measurement of the candle power of each light.

The comparison of two different grades of coal oil was made by filling a lamp with each oil, fitting them with new burners of the same pattern, weighing each lamp with contents, then burning for a stated period and re-weighing. In this way the amount of oil consumed per hour by each flame was determined. By means of the photometers the amount of light given by each was found at intervals and the average was taken.

The comparison of the common gas burner with the Welsbach showed that the latter gave 2.4 times as much light, while consuming only 89 per cent as much gas. Although great care has been used in making all of these tests, yet were the conditions different, the results might not be exactly the same. Knowledge of the economic value of the various sources of lights is of considerable importance as is also many other facts gained by study in the different branches of physics, yet knowledge of methods and ability to attack practical problems that one obtains from this study is a far greater gain.



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## THE HIGH SCHOOL ENTERPRISE

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PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

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H. W. DIETZ	- - - - -	<i>Editor.</i>
J. R. WILLIAMS	- - - - -	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
E. M. BROWN	- - - - -	<i>Business Manager</i>
J. W. PEOPLES	- - - - -	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>

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The ENTERPRISE of the class of '00 has but one ideal: To stand as a souvenir of the year gone by. During the past few years the school has made much progress. It is not so noticeable, perhaps, at first sight, but is more readily realized when the present is compared with the past. The teachers have spared no pains in their endeavor to raise our standing and their work has not been in vain. The general tone of the school has been greatly improved. By proper co operation of teacher and student our school can be made one of the best in the State. Let us hope that this will soon be accomplished, and let each one do his share toward accomplishing it.

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In another place is given a sketch of the different members of our class. We have been closely united for four years. We have shared the same joys, the same trials. Tonight we stand together as a class for the last time. Tomorrow we shall separate, each to go his respective way. Knowing this, it is with sad hearts and a feeling of regret that we close this, the last day of our High School life. Though we are separated in person, the ties of school days will not be broken, for we have been too closely associated hitherto to be separated in spirit now. None of us intends to cease his education upon leaving this school. But fortune will not permit us to keep together in our future work. Some will soon go to college, others will remain at home,

and still others will seek friends and a new home in other lands. Whatever our lot, let us keep together, though separated.

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We didn't win the field day, and yet we are not discouraged. If we had been as well represented as some of the contesting schools, and each man had done as well as the ones we did have, another cup would now be added to our collection. But let us not think of what might have been. Rather let us turn our attention to the future. The next field day will doubtless be held in Petaluma and the citizens of this place ought to join the boys in making it a success. There is no reason why we should not win at the next S. M. A. A. L. field day. Organize early. "Procrastination is the thief of time." Let the athletic qualities of each boy be tested, and then set the team to training in a systematic manner. If every one takes an interest in the event we will surprise the people in 1900.

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In soliciting for advertisements this year we met with many refusals. One old advertiser said: "No, sir. I don't advertise in any High School paper. Let those help the High School whom the school helps." The prevailing opinion seemed to be that advertising in the ENTERPRISE was of no avail. Many, however, were willing to give an advertisement "just to help along the cause," and to those we extend our thanks. Now ye Seniors, soon-to-be, remember that the success of your ENTERPRISE depends upon your advertisers. If you want to get out a good paper you must patronize the advertisers.

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The subject of expansion is just now of much interest not only to America and Europe, but to Petaluma as well. We have, in the past year won glorious victories, and now the question arises—but we leave the discussion of this question with the debaters.



The education of a child ought to receive as much attention as the business of the parent. Few parents, however, really know anything about the education of their children beyond the fact that they are going to school. A man who has a fine race horse obtains a professional trainer for it. Nor does he trust entirely to the trainer, but he keeps his eye on the horse and sees that it is properly trained and cared for. He gives much personal attention, taking the time from his business. The same man may have a child in school. He buys books and pays the expenses, but he has no time to look in occasionally and see how his child is getting along, nor has he any idea of what is being accomplished. In the High School the education of the pupil ought to receive special attention. The age of students in the High School is one at which the habits and character of a lifetime are formed. Mere book learning probably amounts to less than the educating and training of the mind, to think, to observe, to find; less than the general development of the character of the student. The home plays a large part in the formation of the character of the child. If the parent and teacher know nothing of each others plans, principles and object is it not possible that the two will work at cross purposes? Mr. and Mrs. Thomas are at home to those interested in the High School on the first Friday evening of each month. The other teachers are generally present on these evenings. The object is to bring the school and home closer together, to become better acquainted with each other, and to work hand in hand toward the same end. It is hoped that more will take advantage of this opportunity in the future.

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Too much of joy is sorrowful,  
So cares must needs abound.  
The vine that bears too many flowers  
Will trail upon the ground.

—Alice Cary.

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## EDELWEISS.

TRANSLATED BY A MEMBER OF THE GERMAN  
CLASS.

On the lofty cliffs near the fields of ice,  
Just under the soft light of the stars,  
Thou art blooming, oh beautiful, pure Edelweiss,  
Far from your beautiful sister flowers;  
By sweet kisses of Springtime never caressed,  
Flower of solitude, thou, on the mountain breast.

Where thunders are rolling and lightnings are  
flashing,

Where the sly Alpine chamois timidly hide,  
Whence fall the wild cataracts raging and crashing,  
Where eagle and avalanche their empire divide;  
Death and his terrors are all 'round thee there;  
Alone thou art blooming so wondrously fair.

In like solitude should the human heart grow  
Quite alone the clear light of heaven,  
Renouncing the world, with its glittering show,  
As the price of its freedom Godgiven;  
Far from its kindred in refuge so sure,  
Like unto thee, Edelweiss, proud and so pure.

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## WORTH READING.

"One cannot always be a hero, but one  
can always be a man."—Goethe.

"The greatest homage we can pay to  
truth is to use it."—Emerson.

"Life is too short for aught but high en-  
deavor."—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"Heaven's blue is larger than its  
clouds."—Shakespeare.

"No star is lost we ever once have seen,  
We always may be what we might have  
been."

—Adelaide Proctor.

"To climb steep hills requires slow pace  
at first."—Shakespeare.



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As we are about to graduate and leave the dear old P. H. S., in thinking over the happy days spent there, comes the thought that there is one lacking in our number tonight. One whom the hand of Death took from our midst in the year of his graduation. On February 7, 1899, Frank E. Squires passed away after many months of sickness at his home west of Petaluma. For three years he stood among the highest in the class of '99, and was a favorite with his teachers and classmates. It was his ambition to become a physician and no doubt he would have succeeded, for his prospects were the brightest one could wish. His home was out of town but, determined to have an education, he rode in to school in pleasant and in stormy weather, through sand and mud. He was a great lover of books and read extensively in connection with his school work and his intended profession. Wishing to learn as much as he could while he was in school, he took extra studies and did well in them. He took no part in athletics, although he was always interested in all that the boys did.

A loving son and brother, a kind friend and schoolmate, it is hard to see why he should have been called when his career was just opening before him. To those who visited him during his sickness he seemed at times to realize his critical condition, and no doubt in the quiet and stillness of the sick room his thoughts were often turned to the life beyond and we know that he has found it better further on.

"Leaves have their time to fall, and flowers to wither at the north  
wind's breath,  
But thou, thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.

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### CLASS HISTORY.

The class of '99 is the first class to take the regular four year's course in the Petaluma High School. Beside this we have the honor of being Mr. Thomas' class, as we entered when he took charge of the school. We sometimes call ourselves the blue-eyed class, as we all possess that lucky feature.

Four years ago our class started with a membership of thirty. Many have wandered away from the protecting care of Alma Mater until we stand here a class of eight. Let us for a moment follow those who have left us.

Elizabeth Lynch, Lillie Murphy, Blanche Taylor and Ella Little are at home.

Frederick N. Bruckerman and Loretta Mehegan are in San Jose.

Jessie McNabb-Ayers, at the end of the first year decided it was better keeping house, and resides in Reno, Nevada.

On account of ill health Mae Melehan left in the second year and will be one of the new seniors.

Mamie Rafael resides in Sebastopol.

Rose Butler is in a telephone office in San Francisco.

Margaret L. Ross moved with her parents at the beginning of this term to Nevada City.

Lennette Norton's health gave out and she deserted us in the second year.

Haden Stone is at home.

Roy Harvey is on his father's farm near Stony Point.

Ralph Perkins is in town.

Ray Woodward left us in the second year and is now at Cooper's Medical College.

George N. Brush is in San Francisco in the employ of Deckelman Bros.

Frank E. Squires was with us for three years but has begun life in a better home.

Mabel Matzenbach forsook the class during the Junior year to take a special course. Everybody knows and likes our black-eyed "Matzie."

Laura Palmer and Birdie Mooney, the inseparables, are going to spend another year in the High School and will be members of the next graduating class.

Levi Patty was so very ambitious that he undertook more studies than were in the course and so could not take the full amount of work in the Senior year and therefore will graduate in 1900. Think of Levi among those would-be Senior girls!

Eppie Hoadley-Comstock was with us during our Junior year and in her brief stay made many friends. On March 30, 1899, 'mid rice and old shoes and the good wishes of her classmates she left for the south and now lives near Penngrove.

And now to those who graduate tonight—and we say (without conceit) that what we lack in quantity we make up in quality.

Elmer M. Brown is a golden haired, wide awake youth, admired by teachers and pupils. He was very industrious and never seemed happier than when proving some hard geometry problem to the class. Elmer is an active member in the anti-Wednesday night German class. He doesn't *shine* in the athletic field but he often *rose* (rows) on the creek, for he is the captain or first mate of a tiny boat called the Idler, and many a bright afternoon and moonlight night has he taken his friends down the creek. It would not be hard to sum up Elmer's bad deeds, as he never did anything worse than to engage in a friendly chat.

Ethel F. Harford, the baby of our class, with her sweet voice and winning ways counts her friends by the score and easily makes her way into the heart of every one she meets. Ethel is a good scholar and the languages are her special delight. She has beautiful auburn tresses upon which a



coronet might rest with perfect ease, and as president of our class she presides over us with great dignity. She was a member of the famous Wednesday night German class and learned to talk quite fluently in (?) German. She is often seen with the tiller ropes in her hand guiding the Idler down the creek. Ethel blushes so prettily and it is Werner's delight to tease her until she wishes him many miles away. By request we refrain from mentioning her favorite color. She is very modest and never indulges in anything worse than a quiet lesson in star gazing.

John Worth Peoples is a very dignified young man and makes up for what the rest of us lack. He is quite a musician, and it is a great pleasure to hear him when he favors us with a solo in his mellow bass voice. In his younger days he was quite susceptible to blushes, as he was somewhat bashful, but he has entirely outgrown that and it is hard telling which he enjoys most—the piano or the society of the girls. John possesses one thing which is greatly admired by boys and girls alike, and that is his surrey and quite frequently have we enjoyed a ride on the country roads. He is the athlete of the class and has the honor of being president of the athletic team. John is rather quiet but could write more notes in one period than Miss Ball could possibly keep her eyes on, and to as many girls.

Next comes our golden haired Mattie Wilson. Often has it been said among the girls that they would give anything for hair like Mat's. Dancing is her forte and at all our hops Mat reigns supreme. She was often in despair because she could not wiggle her ears as Levi does. She generally managed to have considerable fun in school but as she was usually rather quiet about it she never caused the teachers much trouble. Mat was never very strong and really ought not to have come to school the last year, but she was determined to graduate with her class and

so kept steadily on. Physics was a dream to her and only a shock of electricity could wake her up. Mat has the cunningest dimples and we all know how

"The rank and file would walk a mile  
To win from her just one sweet smile."

If we are to judge the future by the past H. Werner Dietz will some day be a great scientist. He is Mr. MacNeil's right hand and it is a mystery how the laboratory will continue without him. He is very studious and excels in everything. As he couldn't get enough German in school he took private lessons on Wednesday nights. Werner will leave the school haunted by the fact that he has not paid his debts, for Ethel charges him fifty cents for every note she passes for him, and really the sum total is something terrible. He has been our leader in all our undertakings and with his cheerful ways managed to keep up our spirits even the duller days. He greatly enjoyed a joke, especially if it were at some one's else expense. One of his most cherished possessions is a small looking glass which he is quite frequently caught admiring(?) With all his studiousness Werner often found time to talk to the girls to the great discomfiture of Miss Sanderson.

Frances Clair Gale, the talker, the singer, the tease, the bluffer; the jolliest words fail to characterize him. It has long been his aim to attend the University and we expect before long to hear of his competing for the "Carnot medal." He delights in showing a book containing locks of hair which he has secretly taken from the girls during his giddy Freshman year. One scarcely ever gets the best of Frank, but we remember when he was fairly caught while indulging in "soft nonsense." With all his work Frank has taken time to act as assistant telephone operator and we have often seen him on his way to the office with his Virgil under his arm; we wonder if he received his inspiration from there or from Jones' ice cream parlors when he had the Trojans drinking ice



cream soda with straws. Altho' he teases the girls unmercifully he is a favorite and they cannot help but say,

"With all his faults we love him still,  
And the stiller the better."

Our girl representative tonight among the debators is A. Joce Houx. She is one of the members of the Latin class who were tried in the fire but were not found wanting, and thus she takes her place among us tonight and we certainly have a right to be proud of our smallest member. During her first years in the High School Joce went in for all the fun there was. Of late years she has quieted down somewhat but still Mr. MacNeil cannot help smiling at some of her pranks, and we all remember the day Mr. Thomas found her taking the part of silent actor behind the piano while the rest rehearsed their parts. Joce excelled in all her studies, especially in geometry, of which she was particularly fond. As a memento of the happy days spent in the High School she wears a "diamond (dime and) pin and everywhere that Joce goes that pin is sure to go. It is her aim to reach the University and with her bright prospects we can only say: "Go forth and claim the crown that awaits thee."

And last comes our Rea or "Bug" as he is generally called. The life and sunshine of our class. What could we do without him? He is the tallest boy of the class and is positively the worst tease. He is always very obliging and often supplied the girls with candy and doughnuts, thus making up for all deficiencies. Rea is a great arguer and in our constitutional convention it was quite a pleasure to listen to our representative from Georgia. When Rea in after years looks over his collection of souvenirs of the P. H. S. he will find many stick pins and hat pins. When he wanted to tease he never thought of the fitness of things and so, while the whole class was in an uproar he was quite frequently seen going toward the door with the words: "Mr. Williams, please leave the room." Rea is well read in classics and

Mr. Thomas always turned to him for support when he quoted from Homer or Milton. He does not swear allegiance to the athletic team nor the library but to the charming "Queen of Hearts."

And now with lingering fingers we draw the rosy curtains over our school days and hesitatingly turn our eyes to contemplate what lies before us.

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### ATHLETICS.

The year of '99 will long be remembered by our athletes as the most enjoyable and in many respects the most successful year ever passed in the annals of the P. H. S.

At the close of last season our future prospects were anything but encouraging. Our colors had just been lowered in defeat. All our well trained athletes who had been the pride of our school were about to graduate. It seemed as though the athletic career of the P. H. S. had reached its end. But at the beginning of this season our boys, encouraged and assisted by the young ladies of the P. H. S., entered so enthusiastically into the task of organizing and training the new team that as the time for the great contest drew near, it seemed that victory was once more to be ours. Although we were disappointed in our hopes, we are justly proud of the manner in which our little team of eight conducted itself.

The mistake which contributed most to our defeat this year was that in the past we have neglected to develop a secondary team from which to recruit. Those pupils who were not sure of making points have invariably refused to train. They forget that most of the best athletes produced by our school were unable to make many points in their first attempt. We hope that in the future every boy will turn out and help to carry the "Purple and White" to victory.

We are rejoiced to learn that the team of '00 will adopt new tactics. The old policy of delaying everything until the last mo-



ment has been abolished and the team will pursue systematic training throughout the year. This not only secures better development, but prevents over-training which is sure to accompany hurried preparations.

No team ever faced the future with brighter prospects than that of '00. Most of its members have had the benefit of the training of this year. Promising material is expected from the entering class, and the field day is to be held on the home track. Let all the citizens turn out and encourage the team to victory.

Following is the result of the last field day, held at Santa Rosa:

100-yard dash—Drysdale, S. R.; A. Henley, U.; Claude LeGro, S. R. Time, 10 3-5 seconds.

220-yard hurdle—J. T. Sturtevant, U.; Frank Bowles, P.; Albert Howe, S. R. Time, 27 4-5 seconds. (Taylor, Santa Rosa finished first, but was disqualified.

Mile walk—Roy Park, P.; Andrew Frei S. R.; Louis Schieffer, S. R. Time, 7 minutes, 34 3-5 seconds.

220-yard dash—Clarence Drysdale, S. R.; Thomas McGuire, P.; Claud LeGro, S. R. Time, 22 1-5 seconds.

880-yard run—Archie Alexander, P.; Clyde Healy, P.; H. Wycoff, U. Time, 2 minutes, 8 seconds.

120-yard hurdle—R. Thomas, U.; Charles Taylor, S. R.; Frank Bowles, P. Time, 18 1-5 seconds.

440-yard dash—F. L. Horman, U., F. Griffith, H.; Harry Steele, S. R. Time, 53 2-5 seconds.

Mile bicycle race—Ben Noonan, Fred Lemmon, K. Mallory, S. R., dead heat.

Mile run—T. McGuire, P.; Newton Kinley, S. R.; H. Wycoff, U. Time, 4 minutes, 56 1/2 seconds.

Twelve-pound shot put—Ben Noonan, S. R., 37 feet, 2 inches; Fred Lemmon, S. R., 36 feet 7 inches; Ralph Rose, H., 35 feet 11 inches.

Twelve-pound hammer throw—W. B. Brown, U., 121 feet; O. F. Nuckolls, U.; R. Lowe, U.

Pole vault—R. Rose, H.; Clarence Drysdale, S. R. and R. Thomas, U. tie; 9 feet, 7 inches.

High jump—A. Henley, U.; Fred Finne, U.; A. Frei, S. R.; 5 feet, 3 inches.

Running broad jump—A. Henley, U., 20 feet, 6 1/2 inches; F. Costello, P., 20 feet 4 inches; F. Bowles, P., 19 feet, 6 inches.

Relay race—Santa Rosa, Petaluma, Ukiah.

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#### THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The Senior class undertook a new and interesting way of studying the Constitution of the United States. We organized a convention with a chairman, clerk, and delegates from the thirteen colonies. The chairman was chosen alphabetically, each member presiding for a week. The clerk was changed but once during the session.

We carried on business in the same manner as the original convention. In our meetings we introduced and debated upon the different parts of the Constitution, bringing out the objections and arguments of the real Convention. The most exciting and interesting topic was that relating to slavery. For three days the question was tossed back and forth without result, the members of the South wishing to have the subject of slavery omitted entirely from the Constitution, and those of the North trying to compromise. The excitement could not have been much greater in the original Convention nor could the members have been any more obstinate.

One of our first resolutions was that our sessions should be held in secret. A sergeant-at-arms was appointed to keep out reporters, the curious, and the like, much to the disgust of some of the members of other classes.

We even went further than the original Convention, for articles of impeachment were drawn up against one of our chairmen on the charge of receiving secret communication during the meeting, and refusing to disclose the contents. At the earn-



est request of Miss Ball the charges were withdrawn.

Upon the whole the convention was a happy thought. It not only made us thoroughly familiar with the Constitution, but it also gave us fine training in debating and extemporaneous speaking.

#### **MONDAY MORNING EXERCISES.**

Among the many pleasant features of our past school year were the exercises which were held every alternate Monday morning, unless Mr. Thomas thought best for that time to be spent in study. We were always well entertained during the forty-five minutes we spent together, and also were very much benefited by what was said.

Music, which consisted chiefly of instrumental and vocal solos and duets, was generally the first and last part of the program. Most of this kind of entertainment was done by the girls, though some of the boys helped occasionally, and we must give them credit for what they did do.

Two persons were prepared each morning to tell the current events of the previous two weeks, one taking the foreign, the other domestic events. The Freshmen and Sophomores generally had the pleasure of going to the library every day, and they became quite expert at getting out the news.

Dr. Reed gave us a course of lectures on "First Aids to Wounded," and "Exercise," for which every one expressed his appreciation. We all thought it was exceedingly kind of him to take so much interest in our welfare, and it is needless to say that we all were very much benefited by what he told us. In the first two lectures he told what to do in case of asphyxiation, hemorrhages, different kinds of poisoning, and other accidents. In the last one he showed us the necessity of exercise, and told the different ways to take it, such as athletic sports, club swinging, dumb-bell exercise, and walking. Efforts were made to have a gymnasium for the girls, but as

there was no room in the school which we could use for that purpose, we satisfied ourselves by walking for exercise. The boys commenced to train for field day and continued until the eventful(?) day of May 13, 1899.

Miss Ball gave us an interesting talk on "Evolution," Mr. MacNeil on "Botany," and Miss Sanderson on "Painting." Of course Mr. Thomas was always in order, and when no one else had prepared a talk for us he spent the time in giving admonition and advice. He always spoke on familiar subjects, and his point was never obscure.

#### **THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.**

On Sunday evening, June 4th, was inaugurated a very pretty custom. At the Congregational church a Baccalaureate sermon was delivered by Mr. Sargent to the graduates and the school. The subject of the address was "Having a Purpose in Life." He gave some very good advice and an interesting address.

This is a custom which is practiced in all first class schools and colleges and the fact that Petaluma has adopted it, shows her progress toward the front. The manner in which the sermon was received by the school insures its future. It is a very beautiful custom and we are all glad it has been adopted.

#### **A FAREWELL RECEPTION.**

The evening of June 2nd will long be remembered by the graduating class. On that evening they were tendered a reception by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas at their home on Seventh street. Although all had a most enjoyable time, there was a tinge of sadness over all, for this was the last farewell of teacher and student. It was the formal parting of those who had been so intimately associated for the last four years.

"Farewell; no other word we know,  
So full of joy, so full of woe.  
It is the saddest that the heart  
Can to loved friend or scene impart."



## THINGS FOR WHICH WE HAD NO SPACE.

A picture of our official yell master in uniform.

Our opinion of the Petaluma boys who yelled for Santa Rosa.

A joke on every one who wanted it.

An account of the trials and tribulations of the third year class.

A copy of some of the notes found on the floors.

A report of Miss Sanderson's lecture to the Freshies.

We are told that "nothing is made in vain." Judging from the number of young ladies who have asked if their names would appear in the ENTERPRISE, one would think that there were more than one maiden vain.

"Money talks," but it's vocabulary is limited to the one word—"Farewell."

Miss Gibson thought there wasn't a knack in riding a wheel, but when she tried it she soon tumbled.

*Ethel.*  
Miss ~~Crystal~~ Harford has made some wonderful discoveries pertaining to the odor of the nettle but she is not yet willing to disclose the result of her research.

Mr. MacN. to physics class.—"If a person should place his ear at the end of a long rail and strike the other end with a hammer, what would happen?" As he failed to give the size of the person's ear and the elasticity of the neck, the class was unable to answer.

One of the Girls.—"Going out with the Tramp Club, Lizzie?"

Mabel S.—"Oh, no. She's looking for a Bug."

AFTER VACATION.—Tourist.—"Where's a good place to kill time?"

A New Senior.—"Come up to the High School; it's already almost dead since the class of '99 left."

Trig, trig, trig,  
When will they ever be done?  
Dig, Dig, Dig,  
From morn till set of sun.  
With "exams" and examiners,  
And ten pages a day  
No wonder the poor boys  
Are fading away!

Stranger (passing through on train)  
"What place is this?"

Conductor — "Petaluma. Ever been there?"

Stranger—"Oh, yes. I spent a couple of weeks there one afternoon.

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Dr. Deimel Linen Mesh Dress Shields.

Kid Fitting Corsets.

Thomson's Corsets.

Short Hip Summer Corsets.  
50c pair.

# HALE'S

## GOOD GOODS

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None Higher.



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**Daily Messenger  
to and from  
San Francisco.**

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Thorough Work. Latest Methods. Crown and  
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**Dealer in Choice Groceries.**

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**Petaluma, California**

**J. T. Conway, Prop.**

The Only First Class House in Town.

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### Petaluma High School Janitor's Association.

This is a newly organized association, the objects of which are, in general, to further individual self-esteem, to draw salaries, to leave brooms, dusters, coal hods, stove pokers, and like implements, as much in the way as possible.

Meetings are held each evening, after hours, in Mr. Thomas' room, and matters of general interest are discussed. The present topic under discussion is the inadvisability of occasionally dusting the teachers' desks. Following is a list of the present officers:

Supreme Custodian of the Coal Hod .....	E. M. Brown
Associate Guardian of Freshmen .....	F. C. Gale
First Brigadier-General of the Broom Brigade .....	A. Connolly

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**All the Latest Styles  
Call and Examine our Stock.  
Miss Mattie Wier, Prop**

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**Clothing, Shoes, Dry Goods  
Gent's Furnishing Goods  
Ladies' Furnishing Goods**

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and  
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All kinds of Fresh Bread supplied to Families.  
Weddings and Parties supplied with all kinds of  
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Reasonable.

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**WE DON'T USE GAS**

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Petaluma, Cal

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All others fail to make your WATCH run  
consult Daunt  
and see how accurately he will make it keep time

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Ice Cream Freezers  
Blue Flame Oil Stoves  
Hardware, Stoves, Etc.

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Mrs. Jones.—"Well, good bye. I must go down to the grocery store and do some shopping."

Mrs. Smith.—"Here; use my 'phone. You can transact more business in ten minutes than in all day otherwise. We're connected with all the principal places in town, and the Home Telephone Company gives us prompt service."

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Good Teams and Saddle Animals to let at reasonable rates

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Candy Manufacturers  
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Ice Cream served to families a specialty.

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Or a cut of any kind;  
If you want a shave like velvet,  
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